

The
Frances Shimer
Record

December 1928



MOUNT CARROLL, ILLINOIS



Concerning Wills and Annuities

Have you remembered the School in your will? It has no resources except Mrs. Shimer's estate and its income from pupils and \$70,000 in other endowment. Use this form for bequest:

FORM OF LEGACY

also give and bequeath to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO dollars for the purposes of the Academy as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor (or executors) to pay said sum to the Treasurer of said Academy, taking his receipt therefor, within months after my decease.

FORM OF A DEVISE OF REAL ESTATE

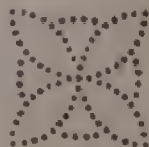
also give, bequeath, and devise to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO one certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing (there describe the premises with exactness and particularity) to be held and possessed by the said Academy, its successors and assigns forever, for the purpose specified in the Act of Incorporation.

Write the President concerning annuities.

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The Books of Account of this Institution are audited by Lybrand Ross Brothers & Montgomery, chartered public accountants of New York, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Chicago. The Treasurer, President and Bookkeeper are under fidelity bonds.

THE UNION-DEMOCRAT PRINT, MT. CARROLL, ILL.



The Frances Shimer Record

PUBLISHED BY
THE FRANCES SHIMER SCHOOL IN APRIL, JUNE, OCTOBER, DECEMBER,
FEBRUARY
ONE DOLLAR (\$1) PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

VOLUME XX Mount Carroll, Illinois, December, 1928 NUMBER 4

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THE NEW SCHOOL SONG

It is with great pleasure that we publish the new school song which was sung for the first time at the Thanksgiving dinner. The words were written by Roberta Leland of River Forest, Illinois. Roberta is a freshman in the Junior College, and is a graduate of Oak Park High School, Illinois.

The music, which is wholly original, was composed by Margaret Munger of Spencer, Iowa, a Junior College Sophomore, and a graduate of Union High School in Whittier, California.

FRANCES SHIMER SONG

Frances Shimer, thee we praise;
Songs to thee our voices raise;
While our hearts rejoicing thrill
With the joy thy name can fill.
Years may pass, and seasons roll—
Time alone will tell
How thy friendships true and firm
In the hearts of all thy daughters dwell.

Frances Shimer, we praise thee;
Thou hast our firm loyalty;
Thou wilt hold our hearts always
Through the turmoil of life's days.
Shimer 'gainst dark evergreens,
Shimer 'mongst the hills
Seen by sunset's flaming rays,
Thou wilt all our highest hopes fulfill.

EDITORIALS



THE NEW YEAR

*Oh, Christ, with Thee we face a glad New Year—
Glad because it is Thy world and Thou art here,
Glad because with Thee in all our work and play
We may grow finer, stronger day by day;
So whatever comes to us of good or ill,
We may yet be glad, for Thou art with us still.*

This RECORD will reach its readers just after the New Year. The coming of a new year is always an exciting event and yet the world outside may look quite the same on a gray January first as it did in the bleak twilight of the day before. The change is within us. We are now looking forward with new hope.

The message of the New Year comes with particular force to young people. There never was an age when life held out to youth so many golden promises. Education, prosperity, travel, pleasure,—these privileges of a former aristocracy are today the reasonable hope of each young American. A Shimer girl said the other day, "I want to go everywhere and do everything," and there is the possibility that her program may be fairly well carried out. Nevertheless, the very range of possibilities open to the young person of today weights life with added responsibility. If life may be so very much better than in past decades, it is a more serious thing to spoil it. We may go everywhere and do everything and still be quite lonely and unsatisfied at the end. We may miss after all that intangible thing called happiness, for that comes only through service when we love those whom we serve.

THE JUNIOR COLLEGE

When Professor Soares of the University of Chicago visited the school recently, he presided at a mass meeting of the students at which he outlined a plan to change the two-year Junior-College course to one of four years, including what are now the Junior and Senior years of the Academy. The discussion of this plan has turned our attention to the Junior College and its importance in American education. In the Frances Shimer annual catalogue, we read:

"In the reorganization of the American school system there

is a tendency to re-distribute the work of the high school and college, and to include in the period of secondary education the first two years of college work.

"It is a significant fact that of the more than three hundred Junior colleges now in existence only thirty-six were established prior to 1913, and only fifteen are reported to have been established prior to 1907. The Frances Shimer Junior College graduated its first class in 1910."

Besides being one of the first girls schools to take up the Junior College idea, Frances Shimer ranks as being one of the best Junior Colleges in the Middle West and possibly in the whole of the United States.

A Junior College seeks to accomplish a great many things for the American girl. It enables her to make the transition from a high school to a large university with comparative ease. In the first place, the Junior College offers a restricted number of carefully chosen courses whereby the average undergraduate is not bewildered by a large number of possible courses, some of which may not interest her at all, and some of which she might take, later proving that they were not worth while for her.

Secondly, a girl who pursues her studies in a Junior College is at an advantage because of the individual supervision and attention she gets there. No Junior College has the large enrollment of a university, and, therefore, the instructors are able to devote more time to the individual. A girl is taught to use the library, to write long papers, and to work out laboratory problems—all because of this individual attention.

It has been found that in the Junior College a girl has a chance to orient herself before she enters the more complex life of the university. It is hard for any girl from a high school—especially a rural one—to jump into the maelstrom that a university presents to a freshman, and to be able to feel completely at home and self-confident. Early in her life at the Junior College, the student is able to determine the subjects in which she can never excel, and those in which her natural aptitudes lie. Therefore, when she finally does matriculate at a university, she is able to take advantage of all its opportunities for advanced work, and she loses no time in the idle experiment that she may have had if she entered as a freshman.

Many persons agree that a Junior College gives a girl more than the ability to change more easily from her high school to a university. The Junior College is conducive to her health, the most important thing that there is in life. The girls in a Junior College maintain the best of health through their well-regulated routine of sleep and study. There is no hectic meal-time; meals are served at an exact time every day, thereby rounding out the excellent routine of the rest of the day. Through sports, a girl develops her health. Most Junior Colleges are well-equipped to give every girl her share of work in athletics; and to make certain of the fact that every girl is doing as she ought in regard to her health, athletics are made compulsory. Through the natural homelike atmos-

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phere of a Junior College which one rarely finds at a university, a girl is better able to keep well. In truth, the Junior College has one advantage over the home, and that is its regular hours.

One of the most noteworthy things that girls gain at a school of this kind is poise. Through her association and intimate friendships with other girls and the faculty, she finds that she can speak, and entertain with as much poise as the finest girls she ever knew. By entering into school activities, and becoming a leader—in an end which the Junior College promotes—a girl gains a great deal in self-reliance and initiative. In the Junior College a girl is her own master to a certain degree. Because of this, she develops a certain independence, a characteristic that is always more or less hailed in a young woman.

Frances Shimer, as one of the best Junior Colleges in existence, is also one of the finest equipped schools in the country. An instructor recently remarked that in no school where she had taught previously had she been able to have her own class-room during the whole day. Frances Shimer School is very well equipped with class-rooms and laboratories of every sort. It has a lovely library, and the new gymnasium is rapidly nearing completion. The campus with its stately old trees, its picturesque quad, its golf course, tennis courts, and attractive brick buildings is the envy of many another Junior College.

Of course, as every school can be improved, so can Frances Shimer. The library needs replenishing, and the art gallery in the library could be extended, although we have heard recently that extensive purchasing is being done along that line.

A few new and advanced courses might be added to the curriculum for the upper years, for we have heard the remark that there were hardly any courses left to choose after one had been here a considerable length of time. Some one suggests that courses in the appreciation of art and music be made more general, for they are courses that are very worth while to everyone.

Last, but by no means least important, we think that if this new plan of having the Juniors and Seniors of Academy become the Freshmen and Sophomores of the college, and the Freshmen and Sophomores of College become the Juniors and Seniors of College is adopted, each class should have more opportunity for growth in self-direction. Practically as much freedom should be given as is given the girl of eighteen in the average American home. It is only by having the chance to be responsible that she can develop into the self-reliant woman that this age demands. It is only human nature for a girl who is very much restricted to try to get away with as much as she can. This will not breed responsibility in the girl, but tends to make a prevaricator and sneak out of her. It is only through the degree of freedom which any average eighteen-year-old girl can capably handle that she has the opportunity for growth in self-reliance, self-direction, and true American womanhood.

Catherine L. Best.

LITERARY

GIANT CACTUS

Tall rigid forms at burning noon,
Huge menacing shapes of fear at night,
Horrid stalks, hard and horny,
Cruel, thin prickly spines
On deep grooved surfaces,
How many countless ages have you stood
Beneath the torrid sun
Defiant of torrential rain and wind?

Are you outcast souls of all earth vegetation,
Condemned to this strange fate?
Or are you some grotesque joke of the ancient gods?
Shunned of all the desert creatures,
Except that bird of prey,
The swift-killing hawk.
Perhaps some secret of the soil you guard,
Yielding it only to a courageous race.

Why do you march in stiff ranks up the mountain sides,
Over barren wastes of rock where nothing else could grow?
And why do you halt at a certain line?
Is there something you see beyond?
Why do you gesture, signal with your many distorted arms;
Are you trying to give some message?
Did you witness the doom of the Aztecs,
That you now stand in frozen horror,
Perhaps marking their graves?
Or, more aged still, did you in terror
Watch the rending of the earth's crust;
The crackling and trembling—the mountains emerging
And at your feet the yawning canyon?

Yet ever sphinx-like, withholding your meaning, you stand,
Towering, mysterious, motionless and mute.

Lita Dickerson, Academy '30.

ELIZABETHAN YULETIDE FESTIVITIES

Christmas was Elizabethan England's only "holiday season" when, for about a fortnight, work was more or less suspended both in town and country, and all classes held high festival. The principal characteristic of

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the Yuletide sports was general hospitality and the closely related unbinding of social ties. It was the one time of the year when there was practically no distinction of class, when lord, lady, and rustic met in the same hall, played the same games, and romped without stint as if they were social equals. The proper period for the Yuletide sports was from Christmas Eve to Twelfth Day; but especially among the lower classes, this period was extended in both directions. It was customary during this period to decorate the halls and homes with bay, laurel, ivy, and holly leaves. These decorations were kept in place to the end of the period of celebration.

On Christmas Eve the people used to light candles, called Christmas candles, of prodigious size, and to stir the fire till it burned with uncommon brightness. In the midst of this extra illumination the yule-log was brought in. It was the special duty of the household carpenter to provide the Christmas block, which was the massive root or trunk of a tree capable of remaining a part of the fire for a number of days. It was brought into the centre of the hall on Christmas Eve amid great rejoicing, and there each member of the household would come forward, seat himself or herself upon it, sing a Yule-song and drink to a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. It was then rolled around a great tumult to the fire-place and, when properly set up and the material arranged about it for fire, the Yule-log was actually ignited by the brand that had been expressively saved for the purpose from last year's Christmas fire. The whole household, including family, friends, and domestics, then feasted to a late hour upon Yule-dough, Yule-cakes, and bowls of frumity, with much munc and singing.

In Roman Catholic times special arrangements were made whereby the poorer people found it easy to collect money by begging, which was to be applied to the purchase of masses for the forgiveness of the excesses to which they went during the Christmas revels. In the time of Shakespeare this custom was still in vogue in the form of carols sung early on Christmas morning especially, as a regular custom, but also carols or songs of a more secular nature sung at all times during Yuletide, with a collection to follow. This custom was frequently followed or accompanied by mumming where a number of persons went about together, from hall to hall, hoping for entertainment and gratuitous remuneration.

The dinner upon Christmas day was served with special sumptuousness, with great attention paid to the "dishes for show", as Markham calls them, namely, fancy dishes representing objects, put up with great elaboration, but not meant to be eaten. Not exactly conforming to the latter requirement, however, was the peacock pie, in which the cock was cooked whole, with the head projecting through the crust. The head of the cock would be beautifully decorated at the serving, and the bill gilded, and the tail set up in all its extended grandeur of colored beauty.

At Court the Master of the Revels was busy for weeks beforehand seeing performances by the different companies of players in order to

select those who were to perform plays before the Queen during the festivities. It must have required upon his part the exercise of some discretion; the plays had to be carefully "perused", and then if necessary "reformed", anything "not convenient to be shown before her Majesty" being deleted. Elaborate rehearsals were given, that the master might form a considered opinion, and then the selected companies proceeded with still further rehearsals of their amended plays. Other responsibilities, too, rested upon the shoulders of the Master and his subordinates. Court entertainments took place at night and would last until one in the morning; the Revels Office had to see to the hanging of enormous candelabra to light the hall; then the players' slender stocks of properties and apparel had to be eked out with assistance from the Revel's wardrobe, and anything of an elaborate nature had to be designed and manufactured. Meanwhile the Office of Works was busy with the seating arrangements and the erection of a stage; and the Revels after seeing to such diverse matters as the censoring of the performances and the provision of thousands of candles, had—probably at the last moment, and in the person of some harrassed subordinate—to remember to provide gloves for all the players. So the preparations for the Queen's Christmas went forward.

Plays, however, were not the only dramatic entertainment; for the Christmas season the masque was in considerable demand. This pleasant, social affair—a mixture of dance, song, disguising and "dressing up", speech making, and spectacle—had been peculiarly attached to the Christmas pleasures since the Middle Ages, although naturally enough it was also extremely popular for any festive occasion such as a wedding. The informality and the brilliancy of the spectacle were its chief attractions; in the dance the guests mingled with the disguised performers during the larger part of the proceedings, and all the time the lights carried by their torch-bearing attendants gleamed and glanced upon the gay apparel, the satins and the spangles, of their elaborate and costly dresses. Cloth of gold or silver, and the finest fabrics, jewels, and glowing colours all helped to make the masque the most spectacular of the courtly revelries.

The gorgeous shows of the Court had originally taken their rise from the crude folk maskings and mummings which were found in the country—

"To mask and to mum kind neighbours will come
With wassails of nut brown ale;
To drink and carouse to all in this house
As merry as bucks in the pale;
Where cake, bread and cheese is brought for your fees
To make you the longer stay."

There were a number of distinctly Christmas games, such as Shoeing the Mare, Hoodman Blind, Hot-Cockles, and playing the King and Queen at Twelfth Night. Hoodman Blind is our Blind Man's Buff, and Hot-Cockles is a game still played under various names. One player was blindfolded and the other struck him, he trying to guess who had dealt

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the blow. Shoeing the Mare was another boisterous Christmas sport. One of the players was chosen to be the wild mare, and the others chased him about the room with the object of shoeing him. Cards and dice were everybody's game during the twelve days at Christmas.

New Year's day had its special ceremony of present giving observed both by rich and poor. At Court every one, from the great lords to the most humble officials, had a gift for the Queen. This same exchange of gifts was observed by every one in the country, too: each maiden had a blue neckerchief for her sweetheart. So the New Year was propitiously begun.

None was more familiar with the ancient Christmas customs of England and Scotland than Sir Walter Scott. In "Marmion" we find the following lines:

"England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale,
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year."

Thus, of all the year no period was looked forward to with an interest like that inspired by the approach of Christmas and the following days.

Helen M. Beck, College '29.

THE FIRST SNOW BLANKET

Great was my delight one cold morning to find our entire campus covered with a blanket of white, sparkling snow. The pines were heavy laden and drooped low with their heavy burdens of pure crystal flakes. When the wind whistled and blew, these great majestic trees would sway back and forth, sprinkling their cold burden on anyone passing by.

All of the buildings looked like Santa Claus houses with their white roofs, window sills, and steps. At this time of day there were no foot-steps on these stairs, so the buildings looked to me as if they were soundly sleeping till the sun, in his journey across the sky, should melt this lovely covering.

To me, the most beautiful sight of all on this clear, wintry day was Metcalf tower, snow-capped and silhouetted against clear blue sky. It made me love the school; and now as I picture Shimer in my thoughts, I always can see Metcalf tower as it looked that cold morning standing white and lovely against its azure background.

Maxine Bledsoe, Academy '29.

THE VIEW FROM MY WINDOW

All the trees are quite bare save one lone pine that stands straight and tall with its vivid green in contrast with the white, sparkling frost that has covered the grass and the bare limbs of trees. Everything seems to spell the coming of Christmas. A great ball of orange fire is shining

itself across the corn fields. The great shocks, framed by the golden dawn, remind me of so many Indian tepees. My imagination naturally rambles back to long ago when this beautiful country was all virgin land and the Indians roamed these hills far and wide. All such fantastic dreams race through my head when suddenly a train crosses my line of vision and I am brought back to the present age with a jolt. Frances Shimer still holds mysteries of the past. You feel them more in the cold, gray days of winter and you think of all the things that have happened right here on this campus. You think of all the people who have been here from the time Mrs. Shimer struggled hard to make this school and campus what they are today.

Edith Tideman, Academy '29.

AT MIDNIGHT

How still and beautiful the campus is at midnight! The street lamp swings back and forth, dreamily, casting long, cold shadows on the crisp snow. The leaves still clinging to the trees drop slowly and make a sharp sound on the grey crust darkened by the network of thick, icy branches.

The full moon so lightens the sky that few stars can be seen but now and then rays catch thin clouds racing to the east. That cold, clear light through the pines makes their branches look like jagged land jutting into a sea of infinity, a dark blue infinity with a few gleaming specks.

All is silent except the cracking of frozen branches, swayed gently by a biting wind. These branches groan as if trying to free themselves from their icy holds.

All the girls are sleeping while all this beauty surrounds them.

Elizabeth Anderson, Academy '29.

TREES

Did you ever stop to think about a tree—or trees? Do they have any meaning for you? They do for me. If it were not for trees and for the ever changing color of their leaves, I believe my happiness would not be great.

Wherever I am for any length of time, I take one tree and call it mine. Through the year I watch it. I watch the buds in the spring, and the gradual opening of the leaves in their green glory. During the summer I watch the bark and the leaves begrimed with dust and washed by the falling rain. The wind, rustling the leaves, stimulates my imagination and brings happiness to my life.

In the fall the leaves are painted in their brightest hues. Bright colors make me feel gay and joyous in living. And though the leaves soon start to fall and the trees are soon bare, their memory lingers in the more somber days of winter.

Trees, bare of their leaves, have a peculiar meaning to me. When I see their black naked branches stretched out toward the gray sky, there is a strange feeling of strength which they give forth,— a strength that

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comes from their hope of coming spring, with spring green leaves and gladness.

Trees, to me, have their share in this thought: Happiness is not a matter of people and places; but is a matter of a clean mind kept on a healthy plane.

Margaret Landsberg, College '29.

A WINTRY NIGHT

It was Christmas Eve in North Dakota. The night was clear and crisp, and a hazy, silver moon floated over the earth. A gust of wind, like a blast from a trumpet, blew across the lone, waste of the prairie. In the distance, the wail of a coyote echoed and re-echoed over the plain. The weird glow of the northern lights illuminated a small hut, almost smothered in a blanket of snow except for a transparent veil of smoke which came from the nearly invisible chimney.

A shimmering gleam from one little candle, in the only window, sent a tiny ray of golden light across the silver snow, showing that the Christmas spirit pervaded even in this desolate part of the world.

Amy Prall, College '30

HOW TO WRITE A TERM PAPER

At this season of the year there is nothing quite so appropriate as a discussion of the ways and means of writing a term paper. After careful analysis, I believe I have found the essentials of my system.

When the teacher first makes the assignment, I resolve to do this term paper, and do it correctly. Immediately after class I proceed to put my resolution into effect. This is to be a superior paper, therefore, in order to search intelligently for facts, I look up some magazine with a short article on a general subject. I am about to turn to that particular page when my eye is caught by the heading, "Past, Present, and Future Revealed." As I may never see it again, I feel I must glance through it. Suddenly the bell rings—so soon? Well, there is still plenty of time, I can write the paper tomorrow.

Then some bright morning our teacher, quite casually remarks, "I suppose you girls are well along on your term papers. Some of you have handed them in already."

About that time I begin to consider the advisability of starting today instead of tomorrow. However, only half the time is gone, so that I can still write a good paper. I have thought meanwhile of some obscure fact that I imagine no one else will bother to look up. Just the thing; that detail shall be in my paper and today is the day to get it. I ransack the library—probably without results—and come home mentally exhausted. I decide that I really should not neglect my regular work for a term paper.

Thus I continue for a time, not neglecting my regular work, except for bridge, and "that new book I just couldn't lay down", or "that true story", which I don't mention so loudly.

Another day comes, and the teacher says, "Only a week more for

term papers. Those which are late will not be accepted."

I wake up—only a week! There must be some mistake somewhere! Fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth, nineteenth, twentieth, twenty-first—it does look as if there were only seven fingers. Perhaps I counted one of them twice; fifteenth, sixteenth—no! It is true. There are only seven days left. However, my good resolutions linger in the back of my mind. This can still be a good term paper. Therefore, it shall be!

I haunt the library at all hours; I can hardly eat, and I go to sleep muttering cabalistic words. My other lessons are neglected, but this is a moral crisis; I must do my best! My notes grow enormously and feverishly. I am half way through when I realize with a sickening feeling that tomorrow is the day. No credit, if it is late? Surely it is better to hand in a poor paper than none at all. The remainder of the evening is spent in a desperate search for the fewest important facts.

The paper is written that night—at fever heat. The midnight oil burns on and on. At dawn I emerge, black circles about my eyes, but triumphant. I have done the impossible; I have completed my term paper.

Charlotte Evans, College '30.

CHRISTMAS

Crispy frosty biting air,
Sparkling glistening snow,
Light, airy, flurrying snowflakes
. . . . Falling noiselessly quietly unceasingly
Down from above,
Brightly colored lights
Casting strange shadows
On the white lustre of the snow,
In the distance the bells of
The Great Cathedral ring out faintly
In the wintry night
It is Christmas Christmas
. . . . Christmas.

Roberta Leland, College '30.

THE COMING OF WINTER

As a tree
that stands outlined against
a cold grey sky
with bare fingers
outstretched as
in mute appeal to
Life to return
and pulse through every
fiber
of her being,
so I shall be,
when Love,

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touching me
warmly, carressingly,
—for a moment—
moves on.

Margaret Munger, College '29.

I WONDER

I wonder if some snowy night
When all is clear and still,
Looking out one might not see
Angels coasting on the hill?

Mariam Boster, College '30.

MY ELFIN KINGDOM

Down in my elfin kingdom
There is a place for you,
'Mong stars so gaily pinioned
In skies of sapphire blue.

There in my little kingdom,
Are troops of little elves
Who drop mist veils about you
And change your human selves.

Then you will dance in Elf-land
To notes from pipes of Pan,
Amid the silver birches
You'll play away life's span.

You'll pluck the reddest berries,
And sugar them with May
And take a pitcher and pour out
Drops from the Milky Way.

I shall sit far above you,
And presents and praises give
To all of those human mortals
Who come to Elf-land to live.

Lillian O'Neill, College '30.

A WINTER MOOD

The dank fields and the sodden sky,
And a chill wind all the day;
The long years were slipping by,
Robed every one in grey.

Yesterday, today, and tomorrow,
And the end of today was here,
Life was overladen with sorrow—

With pain that had come too near.

Sad, uneventful days, too much the same—
Soon I too would be old;
But the sunset that I dreaded came,
And the sky was edged with gold!

C. O. E., College '30.

PICTURES

A window is an ever-changing picture.
A summer day: sunny sparkles of green and gold
melody in a joyous world;
A winter night: cool, misty moonlight,—glancing on
ripples of diamond snow, outlining troubled
clouds seeking havens of peace in a lofty sky;
A sunset: the last riotous fling of a reluctant day.

Margaret Sayer, College '29.

NORTH AND SOUTH

It is cold here tonight;
Gaunt pines lean against the sky,
Mournfully;
Long clouds straggle upward
Toward a thin white moon.
But many weary miles away
There is the sound of soft rain,
And the warm darkness is full
Of the sweetness of fir trees.

Miriam Boozer, College '30.

MEMORIES

Winter is a knife,
cold like steel
opening an old wound
in my heart.
And I wince
at the crunch of departing footsteps
in the snow.

Dorothy Randall, College '30.

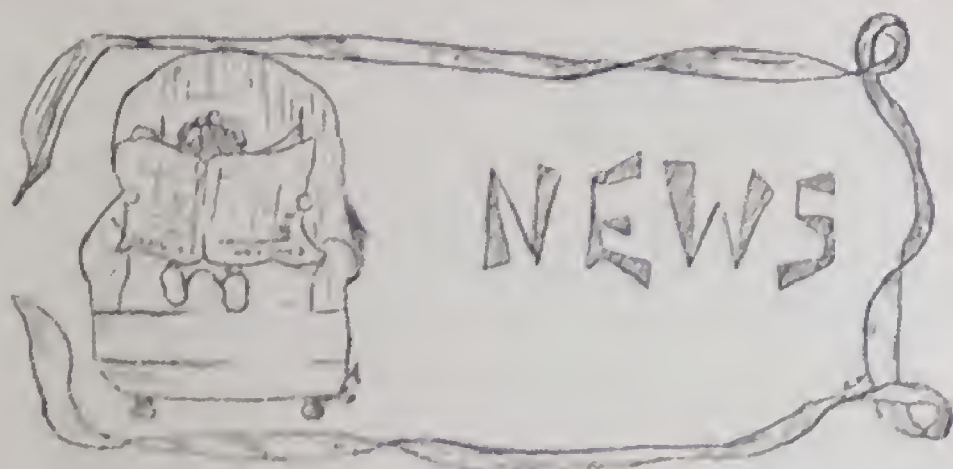




Mary Elizabeth Hageman, one of our poets.
 Helen Beck, one of our contributors.
 Roberta Leland and Margaret Munger, writers of the new School Song



A few of the models made in soap by Miss Morrison's class in the History of Art.



THE HALLOWEEN PROM

The Hallowe'en prom was given by the Academy Junior and Freshman Claves on October 27, 1928. A full moon which appropriately shone on that night added splendor to the evening, for who ever saw a picture or any representation of a Hallowe'en night in which there was not a full moon shining down upon the pranks of the youngsters?

The ballroom, hall, and parlor were beautifully decorated with black and orange streamers which brightened up the somewhat sombre rooms. After the fifth dance a specialty number was given by Rita Shore, Jane Lenhoff, and Miss Parker. Rita and Jane appeared from behind a black curtain, dressed as clowns, and gave a little dance. Then Miss Parker, as a scarecrow, offered a very amusing dance which surely pleased the audience.

A little later in the evening Miss Luenzman, a former physical education instructor at Shimer, presented prizes for the best costumes. Davina Ely, '30, who wore a cadet uniform, was awarded first prize for being the most original. Gertrude Best, '31, received the prize for being the funniest. She was, to quote her, "the toughest feller this side of the Winegar Works."

The prom was a great success, and due credit should be given to the class sponsors and prebidents, Miss Jaynes, Miss Snider, Harriet Strawn and Betty Houtz, who helped greatly in making it so.

"EAST IS WEST"

The Green Curtain Dramatic Club presented the dramatic comedy "East Is West" Saturday evening, November seventeenth. The play was written by Samuel Shupman and John B. Homer, and is concerned with the racial problems of China and the United States. Billy Bowen and Ming Toy, despite their racial differences, fall in love with each other, and Charlie Yong who is an egotistical, impulsive Chinaman causes their road to romance to be rough and dangerous. "East Is West" is a play portraying the antipathy which so many of the Chinese have for the Christian missionaries, and the profound lack of understanding which some Americans have for the Chinese and their religion.

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The comedy is filled with vivacity and humour, and yet one seems to be conscious of the fact that the authors had a serious purpose in writing the play. The whole cast played their parts excellently, and a great deal of credit should be given to Miss Parker who was the directress.

THE CAST

Lo Sang Kee	Catherine Best
Hop Toy	Margaret Shoemaker
Ming Toy	Beth Cahn
James Potter	Helene Thurston
Charlie Yong	Marion Miller
Billy Benson	Harriet Pray
Mildred Benson	Annette Kirby
Mrs. Benson	Gladys Steven
Mr. Benson	Frances Clapp
Thomas	Madelyn Helm

THANKSGIVING DAY

Thanksgiving is the day that everybody loves at Shimer. It is exciting when that strenuous tradition of fighting for the banner is carried on its the grey, cold morning before breakfast; it brings out the loyalty in each girl when she cheers for her hockey team; it is sentimental when the Seniors march slowly into the dimly lighted dining room singing "Nebby"; it is thrilling when the orchestra begins to play and the line of girls descends the long stairway of College Hall for the big dance in the evening.

For the students the excitement really commences on the night before Thanksgiving. Then a flood of electric light upon the campus reveals a gorgeous red and white banner moving in the breeze between College and McKee Halls. The white letters against the red background spell "College".

"It's the best banner we've had in years!" comes from the lips of the excited mob of collegiates.

Then a splendid yellow and white banner appears between two upper windows of Hathaway. It bears the word, "Academy". The nine o'clock bell rings and to a spectator everything seems all rush and whirl. The College girls dash towards Hathaway in an effort to get Academy's banner. There is a short and ferocious battle. Suddenly song, "Burr!" In the distance a prector's voice calls the spirited company to duty. Thus the flag rush ends.

The next morning the Academy girls do their traditional snake dance in the dining room, the seniors with their new sweaters leading. Both Academy and College give yells at the table, and after breakfast help to guard their banners.

The hockey game, played at nine o'clock, was a success as usual, and

This year the hockey game, played at nine o'clock, was a success as usual, and College beat Academy three to two.

At twelve o'clock the service began in chapel. President McKee

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gave a talk on Thanksgiving. He said that there were some true blessings for which we do not ordinarily give thanks but we should give thanks for those hard things. One is the blessing of separation from our former environment; the second is the severity of school work; the third is the competition with classmates; the fourth is the frank criticism of those who seek our highest good. All of these are beneficial. We should be thankful for everything which prepares us for a useful life.

At one o'clock probably the most important event of the year took place—the Thanksgiving Day dinner. The classes marched two by two into our long dining hall which was dimly lighted by tall yellow candles. The Seniors marched in last singing "Nebly" which made the whole room very impressive. The wonderful dinner finally came to an end and each table was presented with a lovely box of candy from Mr. and Mrs. Campbell. The two graduating classes started the songs which were sung to President and Mrs. McKee, Miss Harrison, the faculty, the trustees, and the various classes. This year, the faculty surprised us all with a very clever selection. Too soon the songs were over, and we left to prepare for the next big affair, the Thanksgiving Prom.

The College Freshmen gave one of the most delightful parties of the year. At seven o'clock strains of music floated upstairs where the girls were lined up for the grand march. It was a pretty sight—girls at the height of their charm in gay, crisp formal! They marched past the faculty through the rooms transformed by the attractive black and white scheme. In the ball room, a black screen formed a background for a silver crescent moon and gold stars. Bubbles of silver and gold were bubbling from all the lights.

The couples received clever programs and the dance was soon on. The puerre and puerrette figures on the dance programs later appeared in the form of Lone Anderson and Francis Clapp who sang that beautiful song, "The Silent Silver Moon". Rebecca Murdock put the finishing touch to the Specialty with a waltz. During the evening Herbert and wafer were served to the animated crowd. Strains of "Home, Sweet Home" were too soon heard and the guests left the hall, weary but yet merry after their wonderful Thanksgiving Day.

[The write-up of Thanksgiving Day was done by Frances Shimer, College '29, but many suggestions taken from Freshman College and Academy Senior themes were used.]

DR. JOHN TIMOTHY STONE'S VISIT

Vesper services at Frances Shimer, Nov. 18, was one of the most interesting, and at the same time worth while services of the year. Dr. John Timothy Stone, President of the McCormick Theological Seminary and Pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church of Chicago, was the speaker for the evening. His text was taken from verses of the fifth and sixth chapters of St. Mark—"Go home to thy friends," and "He went to his own country."

In his talk, Doctor Stone brought out and particularly emphasized the

fact that our present task is the most important thing in the world, and it is up to us to face that task at the present time if we hope to be successful in life. He defined a lazy person as one who is so busy doing what he wants to do that he hasn't any time to do what he ought to do.

Our own home or our own school, although it may seem narrow and unimportant at the time, is really our best and supreme opportunity for service. Discontented people have a decided lack of ability; therefore we should cultivate the thought that the talents that we have are best for us and the place where we are is the finest in the world. Doctor Stone quoted and pointed out the value of his favorite line of Roosevelt's: "Do the best that you can, where you are, and with what you have."

He also brought out the idea that this very day is a crisis in our lives for it is what we are right now that really counts. "Today is a kingdom in our lives." He ended by saying that our problem is God's joy, for He works with us; and when we have achieved a moral victory, He rejoices with us.

DR. SOARES' LECTURE

On the evening of November 30, we were honored with a visit from Dr. Theodore G. Soares of the University of Chicago, one of our most popular trustees. His discussion for the evening was based on the question: Can human nature be changed?

One side of this question the Doctor presented thus: Can there be life without conflict in industry? Will there be a cessation of war? The answer to both questions was "No! Not with human nature as it is."

However, there are always two sides to a pancake and this is the other one presented by Doctor Soares. Human nature always changes to meet the demands of society. Since the beginning of time it has been constantly adapting itself to the demand of the day. He cited as an example the ancient custom of all the northern races. These men while resting in the barracks habitually held great drinking parties. But at the call to arms the wine casks were broken; not a man would think of drinking. At the present time law and order are carried into execution only when society demands their enforcement. War can and shall be abolished when human nature develops to the point of demanding its banishment.

Then, how far can human nature be changed? No one knows. It may progress infinitely if given the chance.

ARTIST RECITAL

On Wednesday evening, December 5, Alma Peterson, soprano, was heard in a recital at Metcalf Hall. The audience seemed thoroughly pleased with the concert and in many ways deservedly so, for with the many faults as a singer that Miss Peterson has, she possessed in a remarkable degree the power of personality in song, and the ability to vividly portray the composition. The quality of her voice was rich and resonant, but capable of distinctions of light and shade.

Although her program lacked that important feature of contrast,

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she gave each song all its due in the matter of interpretation. The audience was delighted in hearing some of the old favorites, as "Year's at the Spring," "Little Star," "Song of India," "Waters of the Minnetonka," and "Lullaby." Miss Peterson was most gracious and generous in responding to encores.

The personality of the artist seems more closely shown in a small intimate recital, and many were charmed with her manner.

Mr. Hubert Carlin, not unknown to Frances Shimer audiences, played the accompaniments, adapting himself admirably to every mood of the singer.

SATURDAY NIGHT

Nov. 10—This night was set aside for the monthly "club night", much to everyone's pleasure. Every club met, and for an hour each continued in its chosen course for the year.

Dec. 1—"Open night", that eagerly anticipated time, was announced for tonight. All kinds of spreads were in order, from the most lavish and luxurious sort to a "hard times" spread, where the guests, assembled in a dismantled room attired in old clothes feasted on pork and beans.

An added novelty was a Chinese Bazaar held in College Hall and sponsored by the Y. W. C. A. All enjoyed looking at all and buying some of the lovely things displayed. Mrs. Lyons, the buyer and herself a Chinese woman, told us about some of the customs and manners of that strange and fascinating country.

Dec. 8—"Club night" again. The outstanding event was the annual Dramatic Club Formal Banquet, held at the Glenview Hotel. The tables, arranged in a U-shape, were lighted by soft candles and decorations were carried out in green. Catherine Best was toast-mistress, and Madelyn Helm and Harriet Pray gave toasts. President and Mrs. McKee were the only guests.

VESPERS

Oct. 28—Everyone was glad when Miss Pollard announced to us that she would read from Kipling, and we all enjoyed hearing our favorites read in the effective way of which she is capable.

Nov. 4—On this evening Miss Fortna explained the work carried on in Bacone College, a college for Indians in Bacone, Oklahoma. Miss Edna Smith, formerly connected with the government schools for Indians played Indian music. Emily Turnbaugh assisted. This was an unusual and interesting program.

Nov. 11—Miss Peters read to us a very interesting and worth while article on "Success". All who heard the talk were aided and guided by it.

Nov. 25—Vespers tonight were in charge of Miss Flynn, who gave a most interesting talk on the life of Madame Curie, the most noted woman scientist in the world. Her talk was made interesting and colorful because of the intimate and personal touches that she added.

Dec. 2—There was great excitement on Shimer campus when it was learned that President McKee was going to read Riley, for this is an

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annual event which old girls have learned to look forward to with great eagerness. We all immensely enjoyed and appreciated this evening.

Dec. 9—This evening vesper services were in charge of Miss Parker. She read to us parts of Philip Barry's well known play, "You and I". This three-act play won the Belmont prize in 1923. The theme is a very modern one, and the play is full of witty, humorous lines. Miss Parker's clever presentation and character portrayal made it doubly interesting and entertaining for all of us.

Dec. 16—The last vesper service before vacation was devoted to the singing of Christmas hymns. Gladys Steven and Catherine Best read the Bible lessons and Miss Baker gave a talk upon the spiritual significance of Christmas.

THE STUDENT RECITAL

On Saturday evening the students of the department of music rendered the following program. Their work was true to the high standards of the Frances Shimer music department—a department which has been noteworthy since the beginning of the School.

March of the Little Lead Soldiers	Pierne
<i>Mary Coleman</i>	
My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair	Haydn
<i>Amy Prall</i>	
Murmuring Zephyrs	Jensen-Nieman
<i>Olive Hawbecker</i>	
Prelude from "Carnaval Mignon"	Schuett
<i>Gladys Steven</i>	
Impromptu in A Flat, Op. 90, No. 4	Schubert
<i>Mary Catherine Zuck</i>	
A Pastoral	Veracini
A Birthday	Cowen
<i>Dorothy Oliver</i>	
Papillons	Schumann
<i>Margaret Munger</i>	
Children's March, "Over the Hills and Far Away"	Grainger
<i>Eleanor Wadsworth</i>	
Orchestral parts on second piano	
Nocturne	Pearl Curran
Joy.	Beatrice McGowan Scott
There are Fairies at the Bottom of our Garden	Liza Lehmann
<i>Ione Anderson</i>	
Ballade in G Minor	Chopin
<i>Arthur Isenbart</i>	

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

"Here we come a-wassailing amidst the holly green——." The annual Y. W. C. A. Christmas party which was given on the Monday after-

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noon before vacation made everyone feel simultaneously the joy and fullness of meaning that Christmas holds. The chapel had the air of a huge living room, dimly lighted by the Christmas tree candles, and with the girls all seated semi-circularly around the stage.

Low, distant humming gradually grew into hymns and praises of the Christ Child as the mummers slowly ascended the stage. The important scenes in the story of the Nativity were portrayed in tableaux. Mary and Joseph, impersonated by Gladys Steven and Harriet Pray, were seen adoring the new born child, and angels with long, flowing blonde hair were seen appearing to Mary. Later the Wise Men saw the lonely Star of Bethlehem out on the field, and the final tableau was the adoration of Christ by the Shepherds and Wise Men who came to the manger laden with their gifts.

Eleanor Yokom read "The Night Before Christmas" and Mildred Williams and Catherine Best gave Scripture readings. The logs were thrown into the fireplace by Pearl Graham, and Julia Spackler as the bell man with a loud clanging cow-bell proclaimed the arrival of Christmas. All during the ceremony, Beth Cahn, as the jester, kept the whole audience in a state of hilarity.

The climax of the afternoon came when the huge figure of Big Santa Claus, accompanied by Little Santa Claus, appeared with a sack heaped full of presents. Baddy Seitzer, Susane Miles, and many other children received their toys; the faculty received their gifts, and at last Santa threw candy-filled stockings to everyone. Pearl Van Kusen and Ethel Lubovich played the parts of the Big and Little Santa Claus excellently. Wassail spice cakes were the finale of the party and everyone went home with the spirit of Christmas running through her veins.

BISHOP GRISWOLD'S VISIT

This year there are twenty girls in the school who are members of the Episcopal Church. Several of these girls attend the Communion services conducted the last Monday of each month at the Caroline Mark Home by the rector of St. Paul's in Savanna, Reverend Richard Cox. On the afternoon of Sunday, December 16, Bishop Griswold of Chicago visited the school to greet the girls of his own denomination and to give a talk to the whole school. The service was held in the chapel of Mercers, President McKee presiding. At the close of the service the Episcopalian girls served refreshments in the Dramatic Club room to the faculty and the Bishop's party which included Reverend and Mrs. Cox of Savanna. It was a pleasant occasion which all will be glad to remember.

MOVIES

Nov. 3—The Faculty Committee surely made a wise choice in selecting for our entertainment this evening "Her Cardboard Lover", starring Marion Davies. Everyone enjoyed the picture immensely and was sorry when the last reel came.

Nov. 14—A real "thriller" tonight—Betty Daniels in "Hot News"! Squeals, gasps, groans, and howls were audible in Chapel throughout the entire picture.



THE THANKSGIVING HOCKEY GAME

It is a custom that each Thanksgiving Day, the College Girls of Frances Shimer challenge the Academy Girls to a hockey game. Last year the College was victorious. This year, however, the outcome seemed a bit uncertain. The College put up the traditional fight, however, and they again shone.

The game was called at nine o'clock. On the north side of the field, the College boosters, led by Ruth Joseph, were yelling for their team, which entered the field dressed in the College colors; the Academy students were on the opposite side, boosting their team, which wore yellow jackets, representing their colors.

The whistle blew. Everyone was excited. Each team was confident of victory. "Mickie" Miller, captain of the Yellow and White, and "Steine", captain of the Red and White, clashed sticks. "Steine" was the lucky one and the ball was on its way to the College goal; in a few minutes it had won its place between the goal posts—one point for College! The hearts of the opponents sank. "Mickie" and "Steine" again battled, but this time it was "Mickie's" turn to show her skill. The ball went from one end of the field to the other. It seemed that no one would make another goal, but after a little more struggling on the part of the Academy, or perhaps a little less from the College, they tied the score. The game continued, and at the end of the first half, the score was two to one, in favor of College.

Between halves, several of the girls faked a hockey game. Some wore straw hats; some hoop-skirts; some boots; and some knickers; they were dressed in anything but hockey clothes. "Casey" played so hard that she fainted, thus attracting the attention of the others, while Davina Ely carried the volley ball, which they were using, down the field for a touchdown. After this illustration of what a hockey game should be, Pearl Van Kuren, the mascot, led the team off the field, and the whistle blew again.

The teams came running on, full of pep and enthusiasm. During the third quarter a great deal of hard playing took place, but no score was made. Then came the last quarter—the ball was knocked up and down the length of the field, time after time, and still no score. It seemed that the contest was to end in a tie. Then suddenly the ball came "Shimmin's" way, and was knocked for another goal. College was lead-

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ing, three to two, and there were only a few more minutes to play.

There was great suspense—Academy prayed for a goal—College prayed for the signal to quit. Then the whistle blew! College was victorious!

Arlien Sinn, College '30.

ATHLETICS

The outdoor sports were brought to a close after Thanksgiving, and in their place classes in basketball, volley ball, dancing, and gymnasium work were substituted. A change in the time of gymnasium work was made at this time—classes now meet during the school hours instead of after 3:25, although there are a few classes taking work in the afternoon.

The members of the hockey teams were as follows:

COLLEGE

Kathryn Steinaker
Gretchen Turner
Gladys Steven
Elizabeth Canavan
Margaret Shoemaker
Mary Woodland
Virginia Hess
Edith Shimmin
Mary Ellen Nowlin
Mildred Mull
Marion Munro
Mary Callahan
Virgilin Eldredge
Marjorie Browning

ACADEMY

Marion Miller
Harriet Strauss
Ethel Lubowich
Gertrude Best
Jane Anderson
Constance Bassett
Mary Pullen
Lorraine Clark
Anne Finley
Pluma Kenfield
Margery Williams
Mona Larson
Flora Sager

The Scattered Family

Ellen Burkhart, '23-'24, is teaching English in the high school at Benton, Illinois.

Ellouise Ballstadt '24 spent the summer traveling in Europe.

Helen Oliver '25 is now Mrs. Victor A. Bigelow and lives in Berkeley, California.

Imogene Hamilton, '23-'24, spent the summer in a girls' camp in the east as instructor in swimming. She is spending this year at home recovering from injuries received in an automobile accident.

Mabel Dougherty '12 sent Thanksgiving greetings to her Frances Shimer friends from her home in Santa Monica, California. Her address is 309 Broadway.

Eleanor Hoge '26 was graduated from the University of Chicago in June, and is teaching this year in the Junior High School at Millington.

Mildred Sherer, '25-'26, is teaching kindergarten in Davenport, Iowa.

Darlene Sherer, '26, called at the School in November. She was graduated from the University of Chicago in June, and is spending the year at home. During the summer she served as Counselor at the camp

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of the Chicago United Charities at Lake Algonquin.

Mary Elinore Smith, College '23-'24, is 1928 English Scholar at the Graduate School of Smith College.

Ruth Birdsall '22 teaches Journalism in the Clinton, Iowa, High School. The school annual sponsored by Miss Birdsall was awarded first honors in a state contest.

Marvel Steven '26 received the B. A. degree at the University of Chicago last June. She is now studying art in Boston.

Helen Patton Ritchie '22 lives in Elk Rapids, Michigan, where her husband is a teacher in the high school. She has one daughter, Barbara Carol.

Clara Heuse, ex-faculty, is now in Inglewood, California.

Ruth Stellhorn Mackensen '18 has almost completed the work for the B. D. degree at Hartford School of Religious Pedagogy, Hartford, Conn., majoring in Semetics.

Dorothy Jane Hill '27 is a senior at Western Reserve University.

Ardath Blair Hill '23 is living temporarily in Wasco, Illinois, and writes of her interest in helping build up a struggling rural church in her community.

Mary Dunn '26 was married recently at her home in Kewanee to Mr. Fred Preestman and is living in Chicago.

Catherine Haskell, '23-'24, is teaching science in the high school at Mendota.

Miss May B. Smith, ex-faculty, has a year's leave of absence from her position in the department of English in Berea College, and is spending the year in study at the University of London.

Madalene Mosher '28 spent August as counselor in a Peter Pan Camp for younger girls, sponsored by the Y. W. C. A. of Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Ruth Brady, '27-'28, is attending Westlake School in Los Angeles, California.

Phyllis Marschall '24 is at Yale University study drama under Doctor Baker.

Edith Louise Gould, '77-'79, has presented to the library of the School several volumes in the field of music. The school is grateful to Miss Gould for this gift.

June Overmyer '28 came from the University of Iowa, where she is a junior this year, to spend the week-end of November 12 with friends at the School.

Gertrude Brewer, '16-'17, is a manuscript reader for the Lakeside Press in Chicago. Her sister Helen, '16-'17, has a secretarial position with the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank. Their mother, Mabel Booth Brewer '94, lives in Bozeman, Montana, where Dr. Brewer is a member of the English department of the State University.

May Schreiner Manning '95 has recently written the School in the interest of her daughter, who expects to enter Frances Shimer Junior College in September.

Gwendolyn Bissell '28 is studying Play Production in the University

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of Louisville, and has opened a studio there.

Rev. and Mrs. Raymond Bragg (Marjorie Thompson '24) visited Doris Bragg '30 in November.

Helen Terry '26 was recently elected to the position of Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements for the Senior Ball at Illinois Women's College.

Margaret Powell '87 represented the Chicago Division of the Illinois State Teachers Association at the 66th annual meeting of the N. E. A. held in Minneapolis in July.

Maurine Bledsoe '28 is a member of the Chapel Choir at the University of Chicago.

Mrs. Winona Branch Sawyer '71 has recently presented to the School library a copy of Bess Streeter Aldrich's "A Lantern in Her Hand," autographed by the author especially for the School, at the request of Mrs. Sawyer.

The engagement of Carol Badger '27, Long Beach, California, to Mr. John Harvey Tracy of Chicago, was announced recently at a luncheon given by her mother at the Pacific Coast Club. Mr. Tracy is a graduate of the University of Michigan and of the Harvard Law School. He is a member of Phi Beta Kappa.

Charlotte Hageman '22 graduated from Vassar in '28 and received her A. M. degree, major in English, from the Radcliffe last June. Recently she has been in Colorado Springs enjoying the climate and mountain scenery.

Gladys Auman, '15-'16, was married at Tacoma Park, Maryland, to Dr. Oliver E. Neiss of Denver. Since her graduation from the National Kindergarten College in Chicago Mrs. Neiss has taught in the primary department of the Kent School for Girls in Denver. Dr. and Mrs. Neiss will be at home after December 1, in Washington, D. C.

Rosalind and Urania Smith, '26-'28, who are attending Starrett School, Chicago, as day students this year, returned for the Thanksgiving Prom.

Sophy Perry '26 is a Sophomore at Goucher College.

Caroline Whitehead, '26-'27, and Ruth Mearns '28 are studying at the Evanston Academy of Fine Arts.

Jean McCloy '25 is a Junior at Wells College.

Mariam Sampson '15 has entered the Katherine Gibbs School in New York City for a special secretarial course offered for college women.

Sara Finley '27 is a Sophomore at Wellesley College.

Helen Gaggin, '26-'27, is a Junior at Lake Erie College.

Alice Frances Smith, '23-'24, received the Bachelor of Science in Education from Miami University in June.

Elizabeth Carr '26 is a Junior in Mount Holyoke College.

Harriet Deutsch '26 was graduated from Grand Rapids (Michigan) Junior College last June.

Frances Kernohan, '25-'26, is President of Women's Student Government at Bucknell University.

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Katherine Macy, '23-'24, was graduated last June from the School of Journalism of Columbia University with the degree of Master of Science. On November 22 she was married at her home in Adel, Iowa, to Mr. Richard Wilson, a reporter on the staff of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Leah Jane Johnson ('23-'24) Smith lives in Rock Rapids, Iowa, where her husband is editor of a newspaper.

Helen Higbee ('25-'26) is doing stenographic work in Newton, Iowa.

Imogene Chapman Loufek ('25-'26) lives in Davenport, Iowa, where her husband has a position with Ralston Farina Company.

Anna Lee Garrett '27 who is a senior in Domestic Arts at Iowa State College at Ames directed the costuming for The Earl of Pawtucket, presented by the Dramatic Club in December.

Margaret Jean Wright '21 is a senior at the University of Wisconsin.

Evalyn Fields ('23-'24) was married on March 24, 1928 to Mr. Harold Pennington. They live in Minneapolis.

Lois Wertz '23 is now Mrs. Noel Diamond and lives in Kansas City, Missouri.

Ruthe Wheeler Dean ('23-'24) writes: "A whole flood of lovely memories surged through my mind as I read your letter, memories of the round of pleasant days at Frances Shimer, full of work and play and fine associations. I saw Metcalf at one end of the campus, the quadrangle, with dormitories at either side, and at the opposite end Science Hall with the expanse of rolling golf course in the rear. And off on the horizon, I could see the little station, so alone and humble looking, which, nevertheless, became almost a shrine in our eyes as vacation days drew near when we would speed to our dear homes, or when, upon returning, the shrill whistle of our train started us from our seats hurrying into wraps and gathering bags, preparatory to the ride back to school and subsequent happy greetings. Life is real and, for the most part, sweet, and our memories make it more real and more sweet. I am glad I was able to have my year at F. S. S.

"The June issue of the RECORD was mighty interesting. Every page held my attention, and especially the notes on the alumnae. May they become more plentiful with each number! The pictures of the graduates certainly presented a splendid group of girls, not only in beauty, but in general all around capability. I studied them carefully, and was proud of them. . . .

"After my graduation from Iowa in June, 1927, I held the position as society editor on the Fort Dodge Messenger until last January, when I resigned to be married, April 16. I met my husband while here in school taking journalism. He is managing editor of the Iowa City Press-Citizen and writes stories for boys which he markets at regular intervals. It is a hobby with him, this story writing game, but it is a profitable one."

Carol Ritchey '26-'27 plans to enter the Training School for Nurses of the Yonkers (New York) General Hospital.

Frances Rosenstock '20 is teaching music in the public schools of

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Cherokee, Iowa. In addition to her class-room work she has a normal training class for teachers, directs a boys' glee club, a girls' glee club and a school orchestra.

Marion Le Bron Pigman '17-'18 called at the School in December while on a visit at her home in Galena. She lives in New York City, and is a regular contributor to John Martin's Book For Children.

The many friends of Jean Bowles '28 at the School heard with deep regret the news of her death on Dec. 21, 1928, at her home in Riverside following a brief illness. The deepest sympathy is felt for her parents in their loss.

THE FRESHMAN ACADEMY WRITES HOME

Frances Shimer School, Mt. Carroll, Ill., Dec. 1st, 1928.

Dearest Daddy and Mother:

I presume it would be of interest to you to know the reaction of the entire Freshman Academy class to the studies and activities of the school.

Some girls like studies, others don't, but all decide to do their work as best they can. The required subjects are Algebra and English. The teacher of Algebra for the freshman class is Miss Baxter, a darling teacher, who likes to give tests. The English teacher is Miss Parker and though she doesn't enjoy tests, she "dotes" on grading papers—at least the "freshies" all think so. Sometimes we have to write English themes that we don't like but as Miss Parker "dotes" on grading papers, of course, we write them especially long to please her. You see, we like to please our teachers.

Miss Emerson, preferably "Emmy", teaches history. We enjoy our ancient history classes very much when we get off the lesson on to "current events". It's so much fun! Anyway, she pumps the facts into our heads so that when we have a test, we make one hundred per cent. It's fun to have your lessons.

Most of the girls take Latin but I'm an exception and take French. Mlle Jenschke teaches that. She's very sweet and tells us entertaining things about South America where her home is. Sometimes we have "around the room", which is a study for our vocabulary. We sit in our regular seats and start. If one person misses a word and the person below her gets it correct, or rather guesses it correctly, they exchange seats. If two people miss it and the third person guesses it, then she goes to the seat of the first one and the others move down. But sometimes the whole class can't possibly think of the word, so if we moved down for that, perhaps we'd be in the chapel when we finished moving! Then, we usually take turns saying, "Oh, I remembered just when you started to say that," or some other exclamation which sets us off in peals of laughter.

Now, to "hash" the school. As a rule every thing is fine. Sometimes a few miscellaneous things go wrong, but what can you expect? Things are always going wrong in large institutions. The grounds are beautiful; and why wouldn't any place be so with twenty-six acres of lovely grounds and eleven brick buildings? There will be twelve buildings when the gym is finished and we hope it will be completed soon.

Jane Lenhoff, Academy '32.

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LIST OF FORMER FRANCES SHIMER STUDENTS NOW IN HIGHER INSTITUTIONS

ALBION COLLEGE
Katherine Keller

BELOIT COLLEGE
Mary Elhinor Crist
Ann Donovan
Marjorie Freer
Elizabeth Klingery
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